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INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1896-TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

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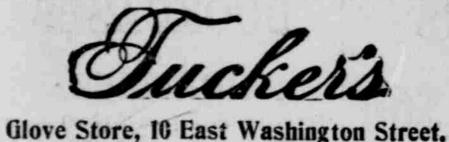
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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

By Mail, to Any Address, Two Dollars per Annum

THE BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

Throughout the greater part of the year the boy took little note of the almanac. In a vague way he knew that there were certain rules between its green covers which controlled the movements of the sun and moon; and he had often heard his grandmother make sage observations concerning the weather after consulting its pages. He was also somewhat familiar with the distressful symbolical picture of the mutilated man, surrounded by twins, scorpions and goats which embellished the first page; but beyond this he seldom penetrated. As winter came on, however, the book annually acquired a new interest for him; and from Thanksgiving day to Christmas he was given to studying its calendar continually. The first exknowledge of mathematics was in making daily calculations as to just how many days remained until Christmas, the numwhich he would carefully chalk down upon the casing of the mantel over the fireplace. He was a true and faithful believer in Christmas and reveled in its joyous anticipations. For weeks he dreamed of its wonders night and day. But he had already grown too old to believe the legend of Santa Claus any more, and his scrupulous parents had taken pains to undeceive him as to that time-honored myth. Really he would have been very loath to believe them upon this point, however-it is so much easier to retain conficlast-had not his own sharp eyes taught him the stern truth of their assertion, and had discovered, with less than half an eve, that it was his mother who was heaping things into his gaping stockings. And so he no longer believed in good old St. Nicholas; and yet, down in his boyish heart, he could not become quite disillusioned. It is so difficult to unlearn the delightful delusions of childhood that it can only be completely accomplished with the help of dull, disenchanting years. Ah, the long, long lessons to be

In the light of day the boy was prac-

sleeping face hovered the childish smile of infinite trust and faith. In his waking hours, be it said to his honor, the boy never communicated any hint of skepticism

Christmas eve, when at last it really arrived, was a time of glorious hopes and possibilities. The chores were done with a will that night. The horses and cattle all received double their accustomed "feed," and the woodbox behind the kitchen stove was piled mountain high with wood. After supper a round of merriment was indulged in by the whole household, ending in a royal game of blind man's buff in which his father and mother took part. Then came the happy ceremony of hanging up the stockings and after that the tedious, almost impossible endeavor to get to sleep. At 3 a. m. the boy stole softly down The night had already stretched a very den of uncanny shadows. But through the gloom his distorted stockings were faintly discernible and he must investigate them. Yes, they were filled to overflowing, and moreover upon a chair near by was a wonderful surplus of packages. Christmas morning dawned at last with its unforgetable feasts and fun. No work was to be done that day. Gayety and good cheer was the universal order. Even thought of. Everything had to be unusual and splendid. And how quickly it all

passed! The sun went down shortly after

nner and, just as the boy felt himself

approaching the zenith of earthly bliss lo it was bedtime again. What multidues of childhood's chief de-

lights have been interrupted by that inevitable hour. Bedtime always comes just at the most interesting stage and-presto, headed child of four score it is ever the same-the last, late bedtime finds him. weary and heavy-eyed, perhaps, but wakeful still and eager to play "just a little jumbled dream and a deep sleep. And on the morrow the sky was overcast, a dis-mal, drizzling rain was falling and Christ-mas was a whole long year off! E. O. LAUGHLIN.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

What! Not Christmas eve again! Yes this is Thursday evening, and the calendar says the 25th comes on Friday. How time

It seems almost as if my life had been made up of Christmas eves, so clearly has every little epoch in that short space been marked by those anniversaries. One Christmas eve was my birthday. The next Christmas eve, my mother says. I was baptized. One Christmas eve I was thrown from a horse and badly hurt, and on another, years and years afterward-the saddest Christmas eve I ever knew or ever expect to know-my father died; he who had always been my most loyal and loving friend, and whom I had misunderstood and misa tearful and affectionate good-bye.

And-yes, that came on Christmas eve, also. It was just twenty years to-night me of her ambition for my future. But 1 never felt bound by her ambition, dearly as I loved her, and much as I trusted her. For another had spoken to me that morning as I went out, away across the sunshiny fields-it was a warm Christmas-to feed the stock. It had been a wonderfully strange experience, and, child as I was, remember that I compared myself to shepheard the voice before, yet I never felt that I could doubt whose voice it was. I was not a morbid dreamer; I was only a happy, light-hearted boy, healthy and full of fun, yet when my mother had spoken I wept I wrote the first and only bit of verse my mind ever put forth. It was entitled

God and My Mother. God and my mother spake to me one day; And God Himself knows which I must obey. God's voice came with the morn, as I went forth To breathe the young day's sweet and sun kissed breeze, To do my boyish tasks upon the farm 'Mid God's good children-beasts and birds and His words came to me in the air I breathed;

And this the legacy by Him bequeathed: To grope all aimless in the rayless dark While myriad human voices shake with tears, Missing the kindly, sympathetic spark Thy constant, loving sympathy might give If but with them thy best years thou might live

'Tis mid the boundless wealth of human need

The infinite breadth of sorrow, depth of pain.
Thy dearest self must ever stay, and bleed
For every cherished, new-born hope that's slain, For every storm that wrecks a struggling soul Just as it strains to reach a long-sought goal." se from the earth to kiss the clouds above,

And in a tone full of a mother's love

She gave to me a gently stern command-Mind not though human voices shake with tears But keep thine eyes upon the glowing spark Of lofty aim; more service canst thou give If thou above men, not among, should live.

Mind not the boundless wealth of human need-Sorrow is infinite, and likewise pain; Thy dearest self was never meant to bleed For every sightless human idel stain-Struggling to reach a visionary goal."

COTTON GROWING PREVAILS TO THE EXCLUSION OF NEEDED CROPS.

"The South" is almost as little known to a majority of the people of the North as if it were Canada or Mexico or some other | bushel during the first six months in the country existing under a separate government. The reasons for this are obvious ject. The railways of the country have been built according to the necessity for them, and it is apparent to any one that the facilities for reaching the South from the North, or vice versa, are far inferior to the facilities for going East and West. The relations of the two sections of the country do not necessitate the travel North and South that is required East and West. The great business centers of the North-New York and Chicago-have little to do with the business of the South, comparatively speaking. Throughout the West much business finds it to his interest at sometime or other to go to Chicago, while from Ohio east the same is true of the re-

FARMING IN THE SOUTH

Treatment He Receives from the

Land Owners and Merchants.

lation of the people to New York City. It is the great difference in the business interests of the two sections of the country that draws this dividing line. While the South sells a great portion of its great staple-cotton-in the North the most of it goes by way of the seaboard railroads or by boat to the manufacturing towns of New England, and, unlike the stock of the Northern farmer, it is seldom or never sold to the final purchaser by the man raised it. This cuts off that intimate business relation that exists in the North. But this is not the purpose of this article. conditions, its soil, everything that goes to bring it soonest. make up its social world are in great contrast with the North. There the soil, except that found along the great rivers, is of a peculiar red color that to the northern farmer would make it appear almost valueless. This color comes from oxide of iron, which strongly impregnates the hills all over the South. It is usually a gravelly or sandy soil that has little natural strength, but is susceptible of very high fertilization. The land along all the streams, which usually have the wide "bottoms" almost

unknown in the higher country of the North is very rich and will grow crop after crop without the least effort to enrich it. It is this bottom land that produces the large cotton crops and that makes it possible for many people to grow rich in a country that is producing a great staple that sells on the market for less than it cost to produce one-half of it. While on the bottom lands cotton can be grown and sold at 8 cents a pound and leave a good, profit, that grown on the uplands, which, being of shorter fibre, necessarily brings a fraction less per pound, cannot be raised

for that amount. Yet in the face of all this the people continue to plant cotton on the hilly uplands and continue to grow poorer each year, except in a few remark-To a northerner the people of the South are as peculiar as their country, although, after being with them a few years, their peculiarities are not noticeable to a great extent. Of course, these peculiarities are much greater among the people of the

country than among the townpeople, where constant mingling with visitors from the North has made a great change. BIG PRICES OR NONE. One of the peculiarities of the Southern farmer, or planter, is the fact that he is so set in his ways that new things changes in his habits do not meet his approval very rapidly. The Illinois Central Railroad, by a system of paternalism, has brought about a large industry along its lines in the growing of early vegetables for the Northern market, but with this

great change crops out one of the features of Southern life. From Jackson, Miss., south along the line of this road there are many people who raise early tomatoes, and at the time in the year when they can ship them North and make a net profit of 75 cents a bushel they reap a harvest, but this season lasts only a short time, for as the tomatoes begin to ripen further North their profits are cut down by the freight charges, and soon the Northern price is too low for them to ship and receive any net returns.

All this time their crop is ripening on the vines and going to waste for want of a market. Residents of Jackson, Miss., noticed this, and with commendable enterprise furnished the capital and secured an experienced canner from the North and erected a factory to can this surplus product. The factory offered a price for the tomatoes that would have paid about twice the cost of gathering and hauling the already ripened crop into market, but this price was so much less than the growers had been accustomed to receiving for their early product that they simply refused to sell to the factory, preferring to let the tomatoes rot on the vines. For several years the large brick building stood vacant, a monument to the false ideas of these farmers. There is exactly the same condition of affairs in Meridian, Miss., except that the early vegetables there consist mostly of peas and beans.

Peaches grow in abundance in almost every fence corner of the South, but aside from the few that can be shipped early in the season, or when the Northern crop is short, there are practically none sold south of Tennessee, where large quantities are soid to distilleries to be converted into brandy. The factory at Meridian. Miss., was built for the purpose of canning peaches, but because 50 to 75 cents a bushel was paid to shippers of early fruit the growers could not see that it would be advantageous to them to sell their surplus crop that was hanging on the trees to the canning establishment for 25 cen.s WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

The great staple of the South, while commonly called "King Cotton," has proved to be the South's greatest enemy, viewed from one point. Before the war there was that great social division in the South, that by common acceptance divided the people into the aristocracy, or the wealthy planters; the middle class, composed principally of the merchants and business men; the slaves and the "poor white trash." Under these conditions the aristocracy became richer each year by the raising o cotton by their slaves, while the merchants and business men profited equally by buying the cotton and selling their wares, while there was no place in the social or business scale for the poor whites, and the negro was simply a beast of burden, who could raise cotton, but could do

Under these conditions it was no wonder that the South was prosperous, or rather that the rich planters and merchants, who were the only people considered by the outside world, became richer every year. But now conditions are different. The Egyptian and Indian cotton crops have assisted in reducing the price of cotton, and it has also declined on account of what

cline in every other product of human hands. Still, with all of these conditions to face, and with the uncertainty of the crop the Southern people continue to plant cotton to the exclusion of everything else and depend upon the sale of it to buy everything they use. This condition has changed slightly in recent years, but it is safe to say that less than 10 per cent. of the farmers of the South raise enough corn and hogs to supply the wants of their stock and family during the year. They depend upon their cotton to purchase these things. There are many parts of the South where the land will produce as much corn as the best land of the North, but while corn seldom sells for less than 80 to 90 cents a year, there are extremely few farmers who try to produce more or as much as they will use on their own place. Land that will produce forty bushels of corn to the acre will produce cotton, that, excluding cost of ginning, etc., which is in addition to the cost of harvesting, will not bring more on the nuts that grow in abundance, yet

might be termed "sympathy" with the de-

But the farmer of the present is not entirely to blame for this apparent lack and Middle West every man who has foresight. There are many conditions that appeal, that is, more and more to the deep seem to give him some excuse for it. The principal one of these is that cotton can always be sold for cash, while there is little market for corn during the fall while the small patch that was cultivated by each farmer holds out, and ready cash is the ever-crying necessity in the fall. Every farmer, or almost every one, no matter on what scale his operations are carried on goes in debt during the summer for supplies to feed his family and the families of the laborers dependent upon him, and when fall comes the merchant who has trusted him and who has also gone in debt largely to the wholesale men, must have The South is a peculiar land. Its climatic | for the crop that will bring ready cash and THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

few are raised, and those that are grown

are of the "razor-back" variety that have

less than 200 pounds of meat on a frame

if the improved stock were used.

The negro of the South is a peculiar being. He is a product of the natural conditions of the country in which he lives and of the laws that held him in bondage for so many years. Taken together these two things are responsible for the present shiftlessness of the Southern negro. While in bondage it was his desire to do just as little as possible and do it in the easiest way: the same is true now. The climate of the cotton country is such that little clothing is needed. The forests produce all the firewood needed, and the only cost is the labor of cutting it, which is small, for the "windfalls" are usually sufficient for this purpose. A rifle and a little powder and lead will often bring squirrels and wild turkeys sufficient to furnish meat for the winter. Under these conditions it is no wonder that these people never have a thought for the future, and will do no more work than they are driven to do by the whites. They know that after Jan. 1, when new accounts are opened, they can give a mortgage on their labor for the next summer and buy the few necessities of life from a country merchant, who in most cases is a large land owner and can furnish a tract of land for the negro to cultivate the next season. For these few necessities the negro will pay an advance of from 25 to 100 per cent, over the usual cash price on account of the fact that he must buy where the man will take the poor security of his mortgage on the labor he may perform the next summer.

The country store is another peculiar feature of the South. It is an establishment where a stock of general merchandise may be found such as to fill the wants of the ordinary farm hand. There are two prices for everything in the place, and what seems strange is that there is no attempt at concealing this fact. A merchant will time," an advance of 20 per cent, on the cash price. If the cash price happens to be 7 or 8 cents, the credit price is usually thing as per cent, is never considered by

The carelessness of buying when it is a credit transaction is well illustrated by a conversation that the writer overheard on a road leading into Meridian, Miss. Two negroes met on the road. One was going to town with a bale of cotton, which did not happen to be mortgaged, and which he, therefore, could sell at his pleasure, and the other was returning from town with a side of bacon in his wagon.

always refers to salted sides of hogs, un-

"I dunno," was the reply. "What did you pay?"

"I dunno; I bought it on credit." That told the whole story to one who understands the circumstances. It was not a question of how much he must pay, but where could he get some meat.

The merchants are very careful about what they sell these people. It is only the bare necessities of life that they can get. When a negro, or white man either for that matter, who has given a mortgage goes to the merchant after a piece of meat the merchant will look over his books and if he finds that the man got ten pounds of meat so recently that his family could scarcely have eaten it in the intervening period the man is told that he cannot get any more for a few days. Sometimes this meat in stock. This is because of the wellknown tendency of many of these people to buy a side of meat on credit at 15 cents a pound and then sell it to some saloon keeper at 10 cents for a jug of whisky. They could not buy whisky on credit, but a side of meat is always legal tender at such places. Then, also, these people are always inclined to buy more than they can pay for. If a man asks for a pair of shoes and the merchant does not think he needs them he is sure to find that he has none in stock that will fit the would-be customer. These and many other tricks are resorted to for the purpose of keeping down the accounts to a point just a little above what it is expected the man will be able to pay, for it is only by leaving a small balance unpaid that the merchant can hope to secure another mortgage and the trade of the man for the next year.

Bliss of Ignorance.

He was inclined to think rather highly of his success and ability as a student of hular young woman he felt that he had had

exceptional opportunities to pursue studies. Consequently he felt that he should resent the scornful snort of the old married man when he undertook to analyze her as a typical woman. 'I suppose," said the old married man "that you have no female children.

"I have no children of either sex." replied "If called upon to make a guess." continued the old man, "I should say that you were not even married.

"You would be right."
"And that you had no sister."

"Right again."

"Otherwise," persisted the old married man, "if anyone called upon you to analyze woman, specially or generally, an individual or the whole sex, you would know enough to promptly throw up the job."

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

THE INSPIRING AND HELPFUD SPIR-IT OF THE BEATITUDES.

by Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, First Church (Unitarian), Boston, Mass.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thurst after righteousness, for they shall not be filled."-Matthew v. 6.

One distinguishing characteristic of, the beatitudes-those blessed promises of Christ for our encouragement-is that they all appeal to some postive, inspiring conviction of the human soul. Not the curse that pursues, but the blessing that crowns our life is their theme.

tions. We forget, as we read them, his crimes, vices and sins; we see in him only the child of God rising steadily out of large enough to support 400 pounds of meat | darkness into light.

I cannot but think that this is the temper in which we should more and more strive to approach one another. We should there is a best thing for him to find, love and do. We should lift one another up more constantly into the presence of Him whom all our hearts dimly confess and

I do not, of course, mean to say that we must appeal only to a man's love of what is good and never to his fear of

Fear has its usefulness as a deterrent of crime, vice and sin. And so long as men cherish the least desire to make evil their good we must work also on one another's fears of unhappy results. It is right for the revivalist to alarp his orthodox audience with descriptions of hell; it is right for the physician to his organs in the various stages of in temperance; it is right for the jailer to threaten the prisoner with the solitary cell; it is right for the modern minister to exhibit to his hearers the inward remorse and the outward change on flesh and blood that follows on constant sin. Fear is certainly a powerful deterrent from a further fall. We can easily imagine what would be the effect of attaching no painful consequences to any neglect of duty. Not only would our great army of criminals be free to do what they like, but every one of us also, I am afraid. would slowly slacken his efforts to be even

moderately decent and respectable. I honor as much as any one our common human nature; I like to trust my fellow-men; I like to be trusted by them. Still I do not find that any of us can live well without a lively fear of the consequences of transgressing the laws of God. What keeps a climber from slipping on the ice slope when he is weary of the detestable ascent? Just the sight of the ruthless precipice below him. What drives a man back to his work when he hates its difficulty and dull monotony? Just the fear that if he does not return to it he will certainly lese his position, income or char-

There are times indeed in every man's to keep him in a straight road. Then there is one thing still that may check and restrain him. It is the stern, sure, unalterable voice of law or public opinion. of God in nature or man or our own soul. reminding us that if we do not do the right thirg we shall inevitably suffer the just penalty of disocedience.

But though we, being what we are, canthan a check. We know well that there is nothing uplifting in alarms; we know that there is no appeal whatever in it to our love of better things. Moreover, even as a check, it becomes absolutely powerless is his good. Have you found that any one with hardened convictions of his own ever aces? It is not my experience. The boy not to be found out in his wrong-doing. time is up he returns eagerly to his old associates and his old crimes.

ting weaknesses, if we really love them? We listen sometimes to the sober words of a doctor or minister, are disturbed perhaps considerably by the truth of their warnings; then desire rises once more like a flood in our hearts, all the stronger for having been repressed, and we manage to persuade ourselves either that we shall be prudent and escape, or that much care even should the worst happen to us. So little power has fear to restrain men when once they have made up their minds to go the way that pleases them: so little can punishment ever do to make

No! Let us make this clear to ourselveswe shall never help one another to change our hearts by working chiefly on other's fears. Lower convictions can only be driven out by higher convictions. The passion for unrighteousness yields only to the passion for righteousness. We must trust most, if we really love one another. to the secret yearning for God in the soul: we must strike home more earnestly, in the spirit of the Beautitudes, to the myte terious desire all men have after the rest. power and joy God offers us continually. I know it is said sometimes that there

are men absolutely incapable of hearing this appeal, but I, for my part, have yet to meet the man in whom it was not possible to find some flashes of that wonderful yearning of the soul for God and of God What shall separate, asks St. Paul, from

the love of God? I do not know. Even in our wildest pleasures or most absorbing ambitions we catch His deep undertone. now accusing us, now pleading with us, The thief hears him and cherishes some notions of honor he will not transgress; the defaulter listens to him and feels some scruples he cannot set aside; we, too, hear Him again and again, and know, therefore. that, however much we may forget Him, yet He never really forgets or ceases to

Is there not, indeed, deep down in every one of us a secret struggling love for what is best? Are there not some actions which because they strengthen his step, lighten his heart and increase the general power. and at last joy of his being?

I do not say that that love is the same in all men, that the actions which one thinks divine will be thought divine by another. God speaks indeed in divers tones to divermen at divers times. One man's notion of morality is, therefore, very different from another's; that of Borneo is not that of Boston; that of the South at the tin the war was not that of the North, Age the same man's conception of right is di ferent at different periods in his life-